



It is a sad thing to watch a woman upon whose once beautiful face, health is daily tracing the pitiful lines of pain and suffering, that mean speedy death. Any woman may be strong and healthy, and retain her beauty of face and form far on into middle life, if she will only take proper care of the health and vigor of the distinctly feminine organs. Doctors too often attribute all of a woman's bad feelings to dyspepsia, heart disease and liver or kidney trouble, when the real difficulty is of uterine origin. Then when they discover their mistake they insist upon embarrassing examinations and local treatment.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure and speedy cure for all weakness and disease of the organs concerned, and does away with the necessity for local examination and treatment. It allays inflammation, soothes pain, heals ulceration and stops debilitating drains. It makes the organs that bear the burdens of maternity strong and vigorous, does away with the discomforts of the expectant month, and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. All good dealers in medicines sell it.

"I have felt better last summer and this winter than I have for two years," writes Mrs. H. M. Watkins, of Farmville, Clinton Co., Pa. "I have done more work. I have taken lots of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and it does all that is claimed for it. I am sorry I did not take it years ago. My doctor who said I could not get better died long ago. I did not think that I would live longer than he."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser used to be sold at \$1.50 per copy. Now it is given away, for a limited time, absolutely FREE. It contains 1000 pages and over 100 illustrations. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. For a paper-covered copy, send at once stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. For a fine French binding send to cents extra. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PERSONAL.—The gentleman who annoyed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing will find instant relief by using One Minute Cough Cure, a speedy and harmless remedy for throat and lung troubles.

W. H. Rennels, St. Louis; B. S. Webb, Alma.

Men love most to be admired; women love most to be loved.

Unconditional surrender is the only terms these famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers will make with constipation, sick headache and stomach troubles.

W. H. Rennels, St. Louis; B. S. Webb, Alma.

Men always like to have girls think that they get so scared when they propose.

CASTORIA.
The famous signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Many a man has lost his head trying to find a pin.

The Political Rivalry of Alf and Bob

"A great scene is laid concerning the future of the State," said Bob and Alf Taylor for the Tennessee governorship a few years since," said Colonel William A. Henderson. "Bob foresaw that he would surely defeat Alf in the race, and so, to add zest to the debate, he invented a false, which he told at Alf's expense. It was this: On one occasion a coin which was very thirsty came to a well, from which the water had to be drawn by a bucket attached to either end of a rope on a windlass. The coin fell on the plan of getting into the empty wet bucket, and by means of his own weight descending to the water he flew."

"Once down in the well, it dawned on Mr. Coon that there was no way by which he could again raise himself out of the well. While pondering over the problem he espied an opossum at the mouth of the well. 'Come down and get a drink,' said Mr. Coon to Mr. Opossum. 'Thank! I believe I will,' and the opossum entered the empty bucket at the top of the well. As he started down the coon started up, and as the bucket passed midway of the well the coon remarked:

"The world goes round and round, and some go up, and some go down."

"Bob won in the race. One election night he telegraphed this couplet to Alf as a greeting over the result. Four years went by and Bob wound up his last term as governor and retired from the arena of public life. At the same time Alf was triumphantly elected to congress from the First Tennessee district. One election night he telegraphed Bob:

"The world goes round and round, and some go up, and some go down."

—Washington Post

A married man always treats an engaged girl as a boy with a cigar does the boys that are too little to smoke.

We would like to look into the pleasant face of some one who has never had any derangement of the digestive organs. We see the drawn and unhappy faces of dyspeptics in every walk of life. It is our national disease, and nearly all complaints spring from this source. Remove the stomach difficulty and the work is done.

Dyspeptics and pale, thin people, are literally starving, because they don't digest their food. Consumption never develops in people of robust and normal digestion. Correct the wasting and loss of flesh and we cure the disease. Do this with food.

The Shaker Digestive Cordial contains already digested food and is a digester of food at the same time. Its effects are felt at once. Get a pamphlet of your druggist and learn about it.

Laxol is Castor Oil made as sweet as honey by a new process. Children like it.

A woman loves a man and adores a fool.

Croup and whooping cough are childhood's terrors; but like pneumonia, bronchitis and other throat and lung troubles, can be quickly cured by using One Minute Cough Cure.

W. H. Rennels, St. Louis; B. S. Webb, Alma.

BARFOOT BABIES.

I know a spot, a sunny nook, Where barfoot babies come to play, Where nature's best unfolded look Reveals its teachings all the day.

There where the tiger lily lifts Its laughing face to greet the sun, Or sky line heaven's snowy drifts Come naught of worldly care nor guile.

There, close beside a rippling stream The barfoot babies laugh and prance, And toss their yellow locks that gleam Like tassels from in bronze's dance.

Dear barfoot babies, reap the sweet Of youth and life and dance your best, 'Till come dreamlike from years' retreat In after time to tell you rest.

—H. S. Keller in Detroit Free Press.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MRS. MARY E. OLMESTRAD.

Nervous System Education and Sleep.

By C. Fred Pollock, M. D.

Conclusion.

Children require more sleep than grown people. A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon and one in the afternoon; and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four or five years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner; and it should be put to bed at 6 or 7 in the evening, and left undisturbed 12 or 14 hours. Up to the 15th year most young people require 10 hours, and till the 20th nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicines can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep, if the brain is to develop to its full extent; and the more nervous, excitable, or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get.

If its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life be cut short at an early age. The maximum of mental activity is the period of minimum demand for sleep; but old age reverts to the habit of childhood, and passes much of its time in slumber.—The Chautauquan.

Foreign.

An attempt has been made to assassinate the President of Uruguay, Senator Juanita Rorda. He was shot at, but the bullet missed its mark. The assassin was arrested.

A special dispatch from Cape Town announces that a squadron of eight British warships has entered Delagoa bay causing great excitement, but according to general opinion at Cape Town, only a naval demonstration is intended.

London, April 22.—Maj. Anzolini, who gave the order for the abandonment at Grizova for the Greek troops, and who was replaced by Col. Papastaurio for so doing, being held responsible for the loss of that place, has, according to a special dispatch from Athens, committed suicide at Tynovo.

Friday afternoon while King Humbert was on his way to the races, a man named Petro Acciarito, an iron worker who is out of employment, attempted to stab his majesty with a dagger. The man was seized before he could carry out his purpose and the king proceeded to the Campanelle race course, seemingly unmoved. Arriving at the race course his majesty was greeted by a cheering throng. He says he has no accomplices.

After using a canal for many centuries the Chinese are soon to enjoy the convenience of a railway from Tientsin to Peking. Heretofore it has required several days to make the journey, although the distance is only 80 miles. Travelers are towed up the Petho river by men who often wade through the water up to their waist and make 12 or 15 miles a day. Hereafter the journey will be made in five hours. The railway has already been completed to the town of Yang-Tsin, 30 miles from Peking, and a train is running each way daily.

GRAPE AND BARK BITTERS FOR MALARIA.

Every one knows the value of the grape, as a luscious and healthy fruit. Aunt Rachel's Malaria Bitters is the ultimate of the Grape Juice in its properties mildly diuretic, sudorific and tonic. More than seven-eighths is the pure juice of the grape, simply made bitter by Peruvian Bark, Chamomile Flowers, Snake Root, &c., and will cure Malaria Fever if used as directed.

One who keeps books on himself hasn't much time to devote to others.

When the springtime comes, "Gentle Annie," like all other sensible persons, will cleanse the liver and renovate the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, famous little pills for the liver and stomach all the year round.

W. H. Rennels, St. Louis; B. S. Webb, Alma.

The proof that men are vainer than women is that they are too vain to show it.—N. Y. Press.

Nobody adds to his own weight by carrying a load of borrowed importance.

AN UNLUCKY NUMBER

One beautiful evening in the summer of 18— I was seated with my friend, Captain P., at the open window of his room when the door was thrown open and in walked an old soldier of the name of Sang. He showed us a lottery ticket, which he said he had found secreted in the back of a book which he had bought the day before at one of the bookstalls. I took the piece of paper and examined it. It was for \$100,000 and would be drawn for in five weeks' time.

Captain P., leaning out of the window with his chin resting on his hands, had scarcely noticed the entrance of the old man, but when I called him and held the scrap of flimsy paper out toward him he turned terribly pale and sank back into his seat.

"No, 531," he murmured, almost incoherently. "He said pale and dumb, like an old man turned into stone. Mr. Sang placed the ticket inside his pocketbook and muttered loud enough for us to hear:

"One hundred thousand dollars! Why, that is a fortune! But an old fool like me will never win."

"You will win!" suddenly cried the captain in strange, low tones, which made us both start.

"How can you tell?" whispered the old man eagerly.

"I want you to get rid of that ticket, for as sure as we are living men you will be the loser in the end."

"Ah! Perhaps you would like to secure the ticket," said the old fellow, with a peculiar smile.

The captain only shrugged his shoulders and turned to the window.

"I know," said Sang, "that I could get a good sum for this ticket if it were known I had it for sale. However, as the captain is so positive it will be drawn I will retain the ticket and run the risk of being the loser. One hundred thousand dollars! Why, I see what it is—the captain is jealous!"

He went out, and as he descended the stairs I heard him muttering:

"You will be the loser in the end. What can the captain mean, I wonder?" He gained the street, and I could hear no more.

I turned to Captain P. He was standing silent and motionless at the window.

For a long time I sat watching him, standing there so pale and silent, all the while racking my brain how to account for his strange conduct on seeing the number of the lottery ticket—No. 53.

What painful recollections did these two figures recall to his mind? I asked myself the question over and over again, but I still remained in the dark.

All at once he closed the window and simply said, as if speaking to himself:

"There can be no doubt about it! No. 53 is an accursed number!"

"I do not understand you, captain," I said, for I began to feel curious.

He remained silent for some time as if in deep thought, and I did not interrupt him.

"Listen," he said suddenly, "and you can judge for yourself as to the truth of my statement." He lit a cigarette and drew his chair to the table.

"Eleven years ago," he began, "my father, although considered to be a very sensible man, invested a sum of money in a lottery. His ticket was drawn, and he became possessed of \$100,000. He was fortunate. So everybody said, I, too, thought so at the time. One evening he entered one of the gambling saloons, and becoming fascinated by the play he lost all his money in a few hours. Then all his property went, and when he arose from the table at midnight he was a beggar. Maddened by his losses and rendered insane by the knowledge of the grief of his family, he shot himself through the heart. His ticket was No. 531."

"Yet I cannot see how that goes to prove your statement," I said. "The same thing could happen with any number."

"True," he replied. "I attached no importance to the number at the time. Four years went by, and I had almost forgotten No. 53, when a friend of mine in poor circumstances managed to buy a lottery ticket. He won, like my father, \$100,000. Poor fellow! It was the price of his reason. The sudden rise to wealth turned his brain, and he is now an inmate of an asylum. Now you will understand me when I told you his ticket was No. 531."

I shuddered, but remained silent.

"You can have an idea," he went on, "as to the state of my feelings on seeing poor Sang in possession of a lottery ticket bearing the fatal No. 531."

I could answer nothing. To me it seemed inexplicable.

The day of drawing slowly came round, and, as the captain had foretold, Sang's ticket was drawn. No. 53 was announced the winner!

When the captain heard of it, he shook his head and murmured:

"Wait! Wait!" Sang foresaw Hood's street and bought for himself a nice little villa. He was talked of as being a lucky man and was envied by all except Captain P.

"You will be the loser in the end," the captain had said. But now I began to think he was mistaken.

One morning scarcely three months after the drawing Captain P. placed a newspaper before me and without a word pointed out a certain paragraph. I read with almost stifled heart that a thief had entered Sang's house the night before, and while searching for the money, which was believed to be secreted in the house, he aroused the owner, whom he stabbed to death.

The captain was right. Sang was the loser.

There is a solution to every mystery. Can you solve the mystery of No. 53? Captain P. and myself console ourselves by saying—*Revenge*.

A Napoleon Mot.

A new bon mot of Napoleon III. I just reported, when Nicholas I. of Russia congratulated him on coming to the throne, he addressed him as "my friend" instead of "my brother," the usual royal phrase. "This is most flattering," said the emperor. "We choose our friends. We cannot choose our relatives."

Restore the Zero Freezing Point.

In the haste in which the Democrats at Chicago prepared their platform they forgot to include the plank declaring in favor of restoring the natural freezing point of zero. Mankind has suffered and shivered tremendously because of this inhuman standard of temperature adopted undoubtedly at the instigation of coal barons and quack doctors. Without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation let us proceed to lower the freezing point and to reform our climate in the interests of the masses.

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the best after dinner, pills, aid digestion, 25c.

When you call on a girl and see Mozart and Chopin's nocturnes scattered carelessly over the piano, it is a sign that she can play the accompaniments to several popular songs.

A Remarkable Case.

An extraordinary tale is told by Major Pryse Gordon of a wound received in the Waterloo campaign by one Donald of the Ninety-second regiment. He had been shot in the thigh by a musket ball. The ball was extracted, but still the wound did not heal. A large abscess formed. Pontics were applied, and on an incision being made, lo and behold! a 5 franc piece and a 1 franc piece were extracted, together with a lot of earth, the larger coin having been hit nearly in the center and forced into the shape of a cup.—Notes and Queries.

Thoughts.

It is almost impossible for any one who reads much and reflects a good deal to be able on every occasion to determine whether a thought is another's or his own. I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings in aid of my own arguments, in conversation, thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.—Stearns

Style is the way all women dress; distinction is the way only one woman dresses.

NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH ON WINE.

Dr. James of the New York Board of Health says:

"I take great pleasure in testifying to the superior qualities of the Port Wine produced by Alfred Speer of New Jersey. After a prolonged trial I recommend it as a superior wine for the sick and debilitated."

It is kept in casks to a great age before bottling, and though higher in price is far superior and more reliable than other wines.

A single moth that gets away will make a woman more unhappy than all of her early love affairs put together.

"My husband had two cankers taken from his face and another was coming on his lip. He took two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and it disappeared. He is completely well."

Mrs. Wm. Kirby, Akron, Erie Co., N. Y.

If it's another woman's husband a woman says he is an ugly brute; if it's her own husband she says he is "only human."

A woman's logic is like a flea; it jumps around lively enough, but you can never put your finger on it.

A GREAT EXPENSE

To Carry on an Almost Helpless Fight.

—At Last the Fight is Over.

(From the Battle Creek News.)

Our representative called at 25 Bath Creek Avenue, the residence of S. I. Robbins, and in an interview with him brought out the following facts: Mr. Robbins told of his wife's experience in a manner that carries conviction with his words. He says: "I am sorry my wife is not at home this P. M., but no one knows better than I how she has suffered during past years. For twenty years she has been afflicted with the various forms of kidney complaint and an enlargement of the liver. She was often confined to her bed for more than two weeks at a time suffering untold agony. She has doctored constantly, and I have paid out in doctors' bills for her alone as much as \$600.00, and then her relief was only such that she would be able to be around for a spell. Some time ago she felt the symptoms of another attack coming on, such as a pain in through the kidneys and back. I hardly know what induced me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, instead of sending for the family physician; however, I got some and she commenced their use. It was a surprise to us both to see their action; the attack was warded off, and she continued taking them with marked improvement each day of their use. She is better now than she has been in years, the pain in the back and others in the kidneys have entirely gone. Hardly a day goes by that we do not mention the great good Doan's Kidney Pills have done her. I was always opposed to patent medicines, but confess that my wife's experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has done much to change my opinion. If it were not for those pills she would not have been able to be out this afternoon."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.



TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY



TIME TABLE. In effect January 31st, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE ALMA

NORTH. No. 1—11:30 p. m. No. 3—8:30 p. m. SOUTH. No. 2—7:30 a. m. No. 4—4:15 p. m.

W. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Toledo Ohio. V. S. HOLLENBECK, Agent, Alma.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKIEGON RY. Leave Ashby, Lv. Ashby for Detroit 5:30 a. m. for Muskegon at 12:30 p. m. 1:30 p. m. for Muskegon. Connections are made at Saginaw with all trains of D. & G. H. & M. RY. Saginaw, T. P. A. Saginaw, Mich.

DETROIT. JAN. 31, 1897. GRAND RAPIDS & WESTERN R. R.

Going North. Leaving Detroit 4:45 a. m. 7:30 a. m. 10:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m. 4:30 p. m. 7:30 p. m. 10:30 p. m.

Going South. Leaving Detroit 6:30 a. m. 9:30 a. m. 12:30 p. m. 3:30 p. m. 6:30 p. m. 9:30 p. m. 12:30 a. m.

Grand Rapids & Western R. R. Grand Rapids, Mich.

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